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NEW YORK IN THE NEXT DECADE.

The humblest citizen within her boundaries has a tangible interest in the irrepressible growth of the New World's greatest city, which is destined at no distant date to absorb the towns and cities that already lean on her, and a great breathing space from the contiguous country.

The bill introduced by Mr. Crosby yesterday creates a commission to inquire into the expediency of taking immediate steps to help destiny in this work of municipal aggrandizement.

It seems to be a good committee and may take measures for the public good. Whether it does or not, the future of New York is assured. She will be the great city of the world in the twentieth century!

STUCK WHEN HE WAS DOWN!

Before the coroner's jury, several members of which were liquor dealers to some extent in the power of the police, Policeman LATIN testified yesterday that he clubbed CARPER Pross "after he (Pross) was down."

The testimony of Pross's widow would naturally seem to have been of special interest to the jury. But she couldn't speak English, a number of them couldn't understand German and no interpreter was called.

The jury "exonerated" Policeman PATRICK LATIN. It should not be forgotten that Policeman PATRICK LATIN testified that he clubbed Pross after he (Pross) was "down." It may have been one of those blows that killed Pross. Doesn't anybody want to know more about this case?

WORLDINGS.

Gen. Lew Wallace is writing a new novel similar to "Ben Hur." The scenes are laid in the Orient and the time is two hundred years ago. It will be in press within a few months.

The late Congressman Townsend was the youngest of seven brothers, three of whom joined the Confederate forces while three went into the Union ranks. Mr. Townsend himself was too young to enlist and remained at home to take care of his mother and sister.

A feather eighteen inches in length, plucked from the wing of a large bald eagle and fashioned into a quill pen, has been sent to the President. It is the gift of a resident of the Oklahoma country.

Senator Kenna, of West Virginia, is not a handsome man, nor does he bear any noticeable resemblance to the typical statesman. He is manly and strong in appearance, but his features are cast in a rugged mould.

MUNDANE MATTERS.

Alderman Carlin said yesterday at a meeting of the Board that he declined to be responsible for the acts of McCallister or any other man who parts his hair in the middle. It is to be observed that the sentiment was tumultuously cheered from the back benches. Yet will the 400 tamely submit to be sat upon by Alderman Carlin? Or will they part their hair on the side and go to raising crows?

An Old Master was bought at a storage sale some days ago for \$2.50. Many people who attend an auction sale don't know an Old Master when they see one. Not so Citizen Robert Fulton. He gobbled it up as a Dominick rooster does a big fat worm that has, beneath a brush-pile, escaped the scrutiny of the old hens. To them—that is, the other buyers at the sale—Mr. Fulton apparently bought a dusty old canvas in a dingy old frame. But experts say he bought a Velasquez or a Guido—they are not certain which—and that is worth several thousand dollars. The moral of this is that "fine feathers don't make fine birds."

Coffee and doughnuts couldn't carry the day against cocktails and dollars in New Hampshire. But these troubles of sweetened dough may be preserved as perpetual reminders of the battle their bakers and eaters fought against the rum demon. Gilded and hung up over the mantel by the side of a shattered rum bottle the cookies might easily be made to convey this warning legend to the young and thirsty soul: "Don't Drink!"

That rosy old sea-dog, Admiral Porter, proves conclusively that we could knock the stuffing

out of Bismarck should he conclude to chastise Uncle Sam for not knocking down to him in Samoa. There was an old hard-an old, old hard—who says?

My mind to me a kingdom! The Admiral's mind seems to be almost as good as a kingdom. It's a navy.

Money enough seems to have been paid out before the new market opened, even to buy food from its stalls, for an army of paupers.

Mr. Coffee, of Cork, is the latest hoaxer of the London Times. Perhaps our esteemed but slightly blasted contemporary would even be willing to publish the escape of the animals in Central Park!

Electrical executions, which a talented young Irish scholar named James O'Gordon Duffy has aptly named electrocides, have been tried on cows and horses. But if it comes to a test of taking life, why is the animal that has the most lives neglected? What's the matter with cats?

They played before the Prince of Wales, and London swelled all looked on, Lord cheered the beauty and the ton Whose verdict over there ne'er fails

To stamp a triumph! Who were they Who thus before the Prince did play? Some tragic kings, the drama's pride? Some diva of a fame whose world-wide Whom managers large fortunes pay

To cross the seas to sing and play? No, no, my boy, they were the lads Who raked in glory, strikes and reads And everlasting fame and balls Within the Polo Ground's high walls: They were the baseball champions—The heroes of a hundred runs!

WHERE LAUGHTER REIGNS.

Not Entirely Cleaned Out.



Boston Father—This can't be my son! His son (from the Nebraska sheep ranch)—Yes it can, dad, and he's got something left too. Most of the fellows lost everything they had.

An Advantage of Marine Bariat. (From the Pittsburgh Chronicle.) First Pittsburgher—I tell you there are no lies on my nose. Second Pittsburgher—How so? "He was buried at sea."

A Peculiar Climate. (From the Boston Herald.) Jones (to his friend just returned from Canada)—What sort of a climate is it in Canada, anyhow?

Smith—The most peculiar climate you ever saw. Alderman O'Hafferty, of New York, is Charles Montgomery in Canada. It's the only climate I ever saw that could change a man's name. Singular, isn't it?

A Grave Defect in the Play. (From the Boston Herald.) Manager—Don't like the dude in your play. Manager—What's the matter with him?

He is not sufficiently stupid. You must throw more idiocy and imbecility into the role of the dude, for there will be a lot of exposure from Fifth Avenue in the audience.

In a Stationery Store. (From the Boston Herald.) Young Lady Customer—Why, this box of writing-paper is perfumed with a violet odor. How queer. What do you do that for?

Clerk—So that your correspondence can be kept inviolate, miss. "How nice. I'll take four boxes."

The New York Boy. (From the Boston Herald.) The New York boy is not precisely a child of the devil, but for malicious mischief he is hard to beat. One of them was overheard initiating a strange boy from the lawless South into the mysteries of New York life.

"Winter is the best time to throw stones at windows," said the New York boy. "Why is winter the best time?" asked the unsophisticated youth from the South. "Because, you see, the houses have double windows, and you can break two panes with one throw, and you only get one licking, just the same as if you had only broken one pane."

"A Living Testimonial." Brooklyn, Jan. 23, 1888.

MESSES, HIKER & SON. I am a living testimonial to the efficacy of your Compound Sarsaparilla as a Liver Medicine, Tonic and Regenerator. I have been troubled for years with liver complaint, and after using your Sarsaparilla have completely cured me. I have never felt better in my life. Although I am a MILLION DOLLARS could not give me what your medicine has—health and strength.

Respectfully yours, W. E. HYTE, 208 Waverly ave., Brooklyn, L. I.

THOSE SNAKES

Can or Cannot They Live in Ireland?

How to See Irish Snakes. To the Snake Editor of The Evening World.

There are no snakes in Ireland. St. Patrick drove them out of Ireland and it of-fended the devil so much that he gathered all the banished snakes and made Irish whiskey out of them, to get even with St. Patrick.

P. S.—If any one does not believe this let him drink Irish whiskey and he may see the snakes.

Does the Shamrock Kill Them? To the Snake Editor of The Evening World.

It is believed when St. Patrick blessed the land of Ireland he banished every snake; that, of course, seems incredible. It is also asserted that it is the shamrock that drives the snake from Ireland. This might be possible, as it was tested a few years ago in Brooklyn, but I don't know whether the test was real. This test was the result of a bet. The men obtained a glass case, put a snake in it, also a shamrock. The snake immediately stretched out its head, scented the shamrock, hastily drew back its head, coiled itself, and in an hour was extinct.

FRANCIS J. STEED, 191 Franklin street, Greenpoint.

They Won't Crawl Over Irish Soil. To the Snake Editor of The Evening World.

In answer to your snake question I must say that I don't think it's possible for a snake to live in Ireland. I lived there until I was eighteen years of age, and if such creatures had an existence there I certainly should have known something about them. While in England I formed an acquaintance with a man named Marsden, from Leeds, Yorkshire, who told me to a mixed party of English, Scotch and Irish an incident of his own observation which seemed to me to be curious, as I knew the man to be thoroughly reliable. He said his father, who was a small farmer, bought a wagon-load of potatoes just brought from Ireland, and after using them he found some Irish soil on the spot where he kept them. On account of hearing from some of his English neighbors that the soil of Ireland was deadly poison to snakes, he became determined to know whether such was truth or humbug. So he formed the soil into a ring in his garden and put a snake in the centre of it. He said the snake remained in the circle until it died.

E. F. COOMINS, 612 Hudson street.

More Testimony in the Negative. To the Snake Editor of The Evening World.

In reply to your question, "Are There Any Snakes in Ireland?" the writer will say, in all earnestness and sincerity, there are none.

To my mind, the letter in yesterday's issue of your paper from the gentleman who signs himself "Mildoon" is credible and very probable. The case that he relates is by no means the only instance where a test has resulted in a similar manner. His statement can undoubtedly be borne out by the results of a test at any time.

History and tradition go to show that reptiles are unknown in the Emerald Isle, since the days of St. Patrick, and it is safe to say if you were to search the whole island, from Aurin to Cork, and from Dublin to Galway, including every foot of Ireland's 32,000 square miles, not one single solitary snake, serpent, reptile, or anything in that line you would find.

On one occasion I was an eye-witness to a test for your paper from the gentleman who signs himself "Mildoon" is credible and very probable. The case that he relates is by no means the only instance where a test has resulted in a similar manner. His statement can undoubtedly be borne out by the results of a test at any time.

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The Thursday's Sale.

"THE consciousness of being well dressed affords peace of mind." Following out this assertion, we are in the position to secure to every one this enviable state of self-satisfaction.

As the Leading American Clothiers we must perforce have our goods of the noblest cut and pattern, and our continuously heavy trade is flattering indorsement of the Public's appreciation. The run on our high-grade tailor-made Suits and Overcoats has caused chagrin and mortification among competitors.

Honest dealing with the trade has been rewarded. When they call to inspect the stocks that weigh down our counters they find that what has been said about us in the press is true and the goods are exactly as represented.

"No flim-flam" is a motto that we carry into all our dealings. It is customary for clothiers to have a Spring opening. We do not limit ourselves to such occasions, but strive to bring ourselves continually before the Public through our THURSDAY'S SALE.

Read how we will do so to-morrow:

SPECIAL.

1,500 Spring Overcoats at \$10.

Yesterday afternoon a large lot of Men's Spring Overcoats came in from our work shops, and to make THURSDAY'S SALE doubly attractive we will to-morrow morning dispose of them at \$10. They are elegantly silk-faced, and in three or four stylish shades, retailing elsewhere at \$20.

Besides the above there will be offered as bargains:

1,200 Silk-Lined Spring Overcoats at \$15; retailed elsewhere at \$20, \$24 and \$28.

1,000 Cheviot Suits, all colors, at \$10; retailed elsewhere at \$15, \$18 and \$20.

1,200 Imported Worsteds Suits at \$15; retailed elsewhere at \$20, \$25 and \$30.

900 All-Wool Boys' Suits, Cheviots and Cassimeres, at \$3.25; retailed elsewhere at \$6.

These goods are made of "exclusive patterns" of imported material not ordinarily found in "ready-made" clothing. Mail orders, accompanied by cash or money order, will receive prompt attention.

A. H. King & Co.,

THE LEADING AMERICAN CLOTHIERS,
627 and 629 BROADWAY, near Bleecker St.

THE FIRST PEACH LAW CASE.

SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., March 13.—The first case of a farmer being tried for criminal misdemeanor in neglecting to destroy or cut down peach trees afflicted with the yellows is on trial here.

Michigan, Delaware and New York have laws providing for the appointment by supervisors of towns of Peach Commissioners, whose business it is to visit peach orchards and inspect and mark all trees which they think have the yellows, ordering the owner to do away with them within ten days, or the Commissioner can destroy them himself.

James Mayne is the name of the Niagara County farmer who defied the Commissioners with a shot-gun and refused to have any of his trees destroyed, claiming that the law is invalid and the Commissioners incompetent to judge.

The latter had him indicted, and are prosecuting the trial. Michigan or Delaware has had no cases, and this is the first one in New York State.

Mrs. Kenny Meets a Colored Thief. On entering the parlor of her residence, 103 Madison avenue, last evening, Mrs. Dita Kenny was confronted by a burly negro. Her screams brought a policeman to the scene and the intruder was arrested.

At the Jefferson Market Court this morning, the prisoner, who gave the name of William Jackson, claimed that he was "doing nothing" when arrested, and was held in \$1,000 bail for trial.

March April May

Are the best months in which to purify your blood, for at no other season does the system so much need the aid of a reliable medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla, as now. During the long, cold winter, the blood becomes thick and impure, the body becomes weak and tired, the appetite may be lost. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a purifying agent to purify and enrich the blood, to create a good appetite and to overcome that tired feeling. It increases in popularity every year, for it is the ideal spring medicine.

Early last spring I was very much run down, had nervous headache, felt miserable and all that. I was very much benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla and recommend it to my friends." Mrs. J. M. TAYLOR, 1110 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, O.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1.00 a box for \$3. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

Sold by all druggists. \$1.00 a box for \$3. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

EHRICH'S.

SPECIAL ITEMS

FOR

THURSDAY,

FRIDAY AND

SATURDAY.

DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT.

Figured cotton Challies, in light or dark grounds, with ribbing, per yard, at \$1.50. Double width All-Wool Fanning, Spring shades, worth \$2.50, at \$1.50. One 1/2 of Gingham, in all colors, and stripes, worth 12 1/2 cts. per yard, at 7 1/2 cts.

LACE DEPARTMENT.

Figured cotton Challies, in light or dark grounds, with ribbing, per yard, at \$1.50. Double width All-Wool Fanning, Spring shades, worth \$2.50, at \$1.50. One 1/2 of Gingham, in all colors, and stripes, worth 12 1/2 cts. per yard, at 7 1/2 cts.

TRIMMING DEPARTMENT.

Elegant jet and colored Bead Ornament Trimmings, 14 ornaments to the yard, price per yard, at \$1.50. Double width All-Wool Fanning, Spring shades, worth \$2.50, at \$1.50. One 1/2 of Gingham, in all colors, and stripes, worth 12 1/2 cts. per yard, at 7 1/2 cts.

LADIES' JACKETS.

Ladies' Spring Jackets, stripes and checks, in all colors, at \$1.50. Double width All-Wool Fanning, Spring shades, worth \$2.50, at \$1.50. One 1/2 of Gingham, in all colors, and stripes, worth 12 1/2 cts. per yard, at 7 1/2 cts.

SILK DEPARTMENT.

Black and colored Bead Ornament Trimmings, 14 ornaments to the yard, price per yard, at \$1.50. Double width All-Wool Fanning, Spring shades, worth \$2.50, at \$1.50. One 1/2 of Gingham, in all colors, and stripes, worth 12 1/2 cts. per yard, at 7 1/2 cts.

JEWELRY DEPARTMENT.

1,000 dozen Lace Pins and Brooches of fine quality, reduced to 10 cts. each, at 13 cts. to 100 cts. per pair. French, Italian, and other styles, in all fashionable colors, reduced to 75 cts.

KID GLOVES.

Small sizes in Kid Gloves, 5/4, 5/4 and 6, at 50 cts. 50 dozen 5 and 7 hook Lace Gloves, all colors, reduced to 10 cts. each, at 13 cts. to 100 cts. per pair. French, Italian, and other styles, in all fashionable colors, reduced to 75 cts.

NOTION DEPARTMENT.

Black and colored Bead Ornament Trimmings, 14 ornaments to the yard, price per yard, at \$1.50. Double width All-Wool Fanning, Spring shades, worth \$2.50, at \$1.50. One 1/2 of Gingham, in all colors, and stripes, worth 12 1/2 cts. per yard, at 7 1/2 cts.

Free Stages from and to 6th ave. and 23d st.

EHRICH BROS.,

8th Ave. and 23d St.

MISS HUBBELL ON THE MAKE.

DR. BLISS'S ACCUSER NOW WANTS \$25,000 FROM LAWYER LAWTON.

Miss Bessie Hubbell wants "boodle."

She is only twenty-two years of age, stately and beautiful, but evidently she is a convert to the faith of Mona Caird (that marriage is a failure).

She has always lived with her mamma and brothers in Fifty-ninth street, but in 1887 she sued Dr. Charles Bliss, of West Fifty-first street for breach of promise of marriage, and asked for \$20,000 damages, alleging that while waiting for her professionally the doctor had behaved to her very unprofessionally under promise of making her his wife and then had gone off and married another woman.

The case dragged along till January last, when, on the 23d, it had reached the first place on Justice Barrett's Supreme Court calendar.

But when it was called Counselor Charles Foster arose and said:

"May it please the court, Dr. Bliss has been called before a higher tribunal."

He had fallen down his cellar stairs, striking on his head and bursting an artery in the brain. He died in two hours.

And so the accused heart of Miss Hubbell found no balm of Gilead, the case dying with the defendant.

But Miss Hubbell is a young woman of infinite resource, and now she comes to the front once more with another suit for damages.

Counselor J. Warren Lawton, a member of the New York Club and a relative of the widow of Dr. Bliss, is the defendant, and Miss Bessie wants \$25,000 from him for alleged defamation of character, ordinarily called a slander.

Miss Hubbell says in her complaint that just after she began her suit against Dr. Bliss, Mr. Lawton declared, in the presence of sundry and diverse persons, that "Miss Hubbell has more than once invited Col. Gelbach, of the New York Club (meaning an acquaintance), to accompany her to her house for questionable purposes."

And at another time, according to Miss Hubbell, Lawyer Lawton so far forgot her sex as to say: "She is not a respectable woman. She is a woman of loose character and promiscuous in her improper intimacy with men."

And then, continues the complaint, Lawyer Lawton tried to prejudice Miss Hubbell's lawyer, the late John D. Townsend, who backed the Princess Dias Debut, and said to him: "Her action against Dr. Bliss was gotten up for the purpose of blackmailing the doctor."

Mr. Lawton has an office at 90 Nassau street. He denies that he ever made the alleged slanderous remarks about Miss Hubbell.

She has engaged ex-Judge Richard Busted as counsel in the new suit, and Judge O'Connor, who has granted an order against the plaintiff for a bill of particulars, will determine in Superior Court whether she has been the victim of \$25,000 worth of slander.

BURT'S SHOES

AT

Lowest Prices Ever Quoted.

361 Sixth Ave. 361

Between 23d and 24th Streets.

Notwithstanding that the adjoining buildings to ours on north side are being torn down, we continue our Unparalleled Bargain Sale of Fine Footwear (including Burt's and other standard makes) for ladies, misses, children, men, youths and boys, and present greater values than ever.

Ladies' Shoes that were \$5, \$4.50 and \$4, reduced to..... \$2.49

Misses' Shoes that were \$2, \$2.50 and \$3, reduced to..... \$1.74

Men's Shoes that were \$4.50, \$5 and \$5.50, reduced to..... \$2.99

Imported Felt Slippers that were \$1, \$1.50 and \$2, reduced to..... 50c.

A few small lots of Slightly Soiled and Mist Custom Shoes (principally men's) yet remain. They are marked BELOW HALF REGULAR PRICES.

SAM'L COHN & BRO.

361 Sixth Ave. 361

Between 23d and 24th Streets.

IN DREAD OF THE KNIGHTS.

FOREMAN PAYNE, ONCE PROMINENT IN THE K. OF L., SHOOT'S HIMSELF.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

ELIZABETH N. J., March 13.—James Payne, aged fifty, a foreman in the Singer sewing machine works and an employee of the company for the past thirty years, was found to have fatally shot himself in the head early this morning at his residence, 258 Franklin street.